

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

134

CALL BOY this week introduces you to the owners of

TWO GOLDEN VOICES



Meet
Bing Crosby
and
Vera Lynn

VERA LYNN, this is the girl who, by sheer grit and ability, has climbed to the highest pinnacle that any popular singer could reach.

Born within the sound of Bow Bells, of a family of which she was to prove the first musical member, her natural talent for singing was soon apparent, and at the age of seven her career began with the opportunity to sing at a charity concert. It is no mere figure of speech to say that from then on she never looked back.

Hard training in a juvenile troupe soon bore its fruit, and by the time she was fifteen this go-getting girl had started a school on her own. But fame had already tapped her on the shoulder. An engagement to sing with Charlie Kunz's band—a wild success—a rush of offers—an outstanding run with Ambrose—all these followed in a sudden forest fire.

HIT AFTER HIT.

And Vera has kept the fire burning. For eight years she made hit after hit in a brilliant succession of recordings, her charming voice selling more gramophone records in this country than any other star, one record alone selling more than 160,000 copies!

This is not half the story. Signed by the B.B.C. to do a weekly programme, "Sincerely Yours" leapt instantly to the forefront of the most popular programmes on the air, bringing Miss Lynn the thanks and admiration of the people, and particularly the Forces, from all parts of the globe.

But even this was not all. Fresh from her dance-band and radio triumphs, she took her own company on tour, and so great was the personal appeal of this amazing girl that she broke house attendance records that had stood for years all over the country.

She needed only one crowning achievement. And she got it. Under the banner of George Black she co-starred with Ben Lyon at the London Palladium in that popular hit, "Gangway."

The very last flower in her basket of orchids was a three-year contract with Columbia, to make two pictures a year. Her first picture was "We'll Meet Again," in which she co-starred with Gerald and his Orchestra, and her second—recently completed—"Rhythm Serenade."

when they walk up the middle of the road they are so swayed back that their bellies erased the white safety lines.

But this was the beginning of the end.

Yes, there came a day! It came at Belmont Park, on Long Island, just outside New York City. There, a crowd of 47,083 race fans gathered on May 30th, 1943. They bet a record-breaking total of 2,699,153 dollars, setting a new United States one-day high for the totalisator.

The big race of the day was the Suburban Handicap.

The favourites were Shut Out, Devil Diver and Market Wise. About eleventh down the line on odds was one Don Bingo—Crosby's pride and joy.

Yes, Don Bingo was triumphant by four and a half lengths in the United States' biggest-money classic of all time.

Not only this, but he won a purse of 27,600 dollars for his mile-and-a-quarter race.

The night after Don Bingo's triumph, Bob Hope came on the air for his weekly radio programme and said, "I can't say anything to-night about Crosby's horses—not after Don Bingo." And that was the night Bing had the last laugh, and it was a hearty one.

HOME TOWN NEWS & SNIPPETS

NO TEA OUT OF NO JAM JARS IS PLYMOUTH'S DRINK.

CUP casualties at the Lord Mayor's Canteen at North Road Station were so heavy that finally the canteen reached the cup-final and was forced to use jam jars instead.

This went on for months. Now there's a new crisis. Jam jars are getting mislaid in such large quantities that no tea out of no jam jars will soon be Plymouth's drink.

RISE AND SHINE!

VILLAGERS in Upton Warren, Worcestershire, had the most terrible shock the other morning, when they heard a bugle call coming from the top of their church steeple.

Straining their necks, they beheld the Rev. Clement E. Prior, bugling out a fanfare right on the tippity-top of the spire.

He was announcing that the weather-cock had now been replaced. There was no steeple-jack handy, so the Vicar did it himself.

The bugle? Well, why not, chums?

IF YOU SALT-WATER BOYS WANT A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY...

GET down to Droitwich Spa. And here's why:

Looking in the brine-baths at Droitwich the other week, were we be-dazzled! Were we all a-goggle-eyed!

There, floating around on the brine (you just can't sink) were scores and scores of W.A.A.F. and A.T.S. beauties.

They go in with their faces made up and come out just the same. Not a perm out of place.

Even the non-swimmers were sitting—yes, sitting—on the deep end; the brine's so buoyant.

6 INTO 479 MAKES A GAME OF BOWLS.

AT Pemberton, Co. Durham, six old hands sallied forth to play a game of bowls.

Their ages totalled 479 years, but their bowling was slicker and more deadly than most.

They were: Will Craig, aged 85; A. Semple, 83; J. Musther, 81; R. Bainbridge, 78; J. Matthews, 77; and Jimmy Woods, a mere 75.

Incidentally, 479 years ago would be about 100 years before Drake played his "Let-the-Armada-Wait" game.

WATERPROOF WRENS.

NO, not the matelot's female Opposite Number.

Real feathered wrens in a waterproof.

The story's from a saw-mill at Allensford, Co. Durham. Hanging just near the big saw itself is a waterproof, and inside one of the pockets is a nest and Mr. and Mrs. Wren and progeny. They don't seem to mind the noise of the saw.

But the owner of the waterproof is asking, "What about me clothing coopons? Can I claim?"

A SCHOOLBOY in Spokane, Washington, astride a broom-stick horse, daily shouted "Bing! Bing!" louder than any other child in the city as he played his favourite game of "Cowboys and Indians."

Thereby he won the nickname of Bing, which to-day is the trade-mark of Bing Crosby. He likes it better than Harry L. Crosby, which is his real name. He will not tell you his middle name. (It's "Lillis.")

Bing was born in Tacoma, Washington, on May 2nd, 1901.

Bing's first appearance on the stage was made in a school presentation of "Julius Caesar," with Bing in the title role. He gave the play an ending never conceived by Shakespeare. In accordance with his rehearsed lines, Bing died nobly on the stage, and the curtain started to fall. From where he was lying he could see the curtain descending—straight for the spot where he had fallen. Caesar suddenly came to life and rolled out of the way of the falling curtain.

The audience howled, and Bing took bows.

Bing got more of the smell of grease paint when he was a schoolboy working between classes in the property department of a Spokane theatre, where he had the opportunity to see many stars at work. Bing's family thought he should become a lawyer, so they sent him to Gonzaga, where he played in some of the varsity baseball games.

He sang with the college club, and his vocal efforts were received with more than a little enthusiasm. It occurred to him, finally that, since other people seemed to make a living by singing, he might be able to do the same. There was another chap in the college who thought along the same lines. His name was Al Rinker. Crosby and Rinker put their heads and talents together and organised a

seven-piece dance orchestra. Bing played the drums and sang with Rinker. They became popular almost immediately, and had plenty to do filling engagements at college parties.

FIRST BOOKING.

A local theatre manager heard the band, liked it, and booked it. Their success in this venture settled one thing in the minds of Rinker and Crosby. Deciding there was more money for them in the entertainment field than in law, they went to Los Angeles to see Rinker's sister, Mildred Bailey, a radio singer. She obtained an engagement for Crosby and Rinker to sing in the Tent Cafe.

After that the two youths toured the Pacific coast in vaudeville. At the same time that Bing and Al were playing in San Francisco, Paul Whiteman and his band were filling an engagement there. The band leader dropped in to watch a matinee, and liked the work of the young vocalists so much that he signed them at once.

Crosby and Rinker went East with Whiteman, and when they got to New York a third vocalist joined their party. His name was Harry Barris. This was the beginning of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys, who soon were known from coast to coast.

Crosby, Rinker and Barris toured with Whiteman for three years until 1930, when they were in California making the picture "The King of Jazz."

The trio liked the California climate so well they asked permission to leave Whiteman and remain near the Pacific. They were engaged to sing at the Coconut Grove, Los Angeles, and it was there that Bing began making a real name for himself as a soloist. He was engaged to make records which became best-sellers. He was signed to appear in a few short pictures, and then entered the world of radio.

His singing with the Columbia Broadcasting System is history. He divided his time between broadcasting twice nightly, appearing five times daily on the stage at the Paramount Theatre in New York, and making records. Then pictures took him back to Hollywood.

Crosby has become accepted by even the so-called high-brows as an artist. His recordings have been used in technical musical lectures. Gonzaga University recently conferred on Crosby the degree of Doctor of Music.

HIS AMBITION.

He is married to Dixie Lee, the film actress, and has four sons—Gary Evan, born on June 27, 1933; Philip Lang and Dennis Michael, born on Friday, July 13, 1934; and Lindsay Harry, born on January 5, 1938.

Crosby is five feet nine inches in height, has light blue eyes, and light brown hair. Some day he hopes to find time to write short stories.

A few years ago Crosby became interested in horse racing, and in partnership with a well-known trainer, has acquired a large and prosperous stable. His ambition is to breed a Kentucky Derby winner.

Bing Crosby is the latest shining example of the adage that goes, "He who laughs last laughs best."

Six years ago he paid 5,000 dollars for a horse named Khayyam. At once the horse began losing races in a big way. And also at once Bob Hope started telling jokes about the Crosby horse to millions of his weekly radio listeners.

As if to counteract these gags, Crosby suddenly seemed desperately to be buying more horses, such as Zombie, and an Argentine mare named Blackie, and an Australian filly named Miss Huia. In addition, he built up a stable of mares, foals and yearlings, and he bought

an interest in the Santa Anita race track, and founded, organised and became president of Del Mar Jockey Club.

By this time, not only Bob Hope was cracking jokes about the Crosby nags, but so was almost every other radio comedian on the air. He and his horses became the target of the world's widest variety of horse jokes. It seemed as though a comedian could not put a radio programme together if it was not for Crosby's horses. And the public took it up, too, for no matter where you went, somebody was sure to come up with the latest joke on Bing's horses.

Anent all this joking, Bing observed, "It's all right with me. I've had a million dollars' worth of fun, if I never get a dime back. But I'm confident that I'll break even some day." In his happy-go-lucky way, Bing let the funsters pull their gags, feeling certain that one day he would have a horse that would put the boys out of business as far as horse gags go. And then he would have the last laugh—and a horse laugh at that.

LUCK CHANGED.

One day, several years ago, Bing went out to Santa Anita to see his horse Fight On in a two-year-old sprint. Bing bet two dollars on the horse, for what he said were mere "sentimental" reasons—nothing more.

Fight On came in ahead of the field, giving Bing his first profit. At about the same time his High Strike began winning races, taking five firsts in a row. And then his Australian filly, Miss Huia, carried the Crosby colours to a victory in impressive style.

Bing chuckled with glee! None of this stopped the gags. Bob Hope went so far in a radio broadcast as to advocate that the State of California pass a law to keep the Crosby horses off the state highways, saying that

Periscope
PageQUIZ
for today

1. What is an aardvark?
2. Who wrote (a) "Romany Rye," (b) "Romola"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder" and why? London, Liverpool, Southampton, Oxford, Hull, Bristol.
4. What is a parang?
5. Where does longitude cross the English coast?
6. What is a zloty?
7. If you were given an ophiocleide, would you eat it, wear it, play it, or keep it in a cage?
8. What is Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon?
9. Who was Lord Jim?
10. Who said, "And all went merry as a marriage bell"?
11. When were Bank Holidays introduced?
12. What is a polliwig?

A MYSTERIOUS REQUEST

DR. LANYON'S NARRATIVE.

ON the ninth of January, now four days ago, I received by the evening delivery a registered envelope, addressed in the hand of my colleague and old school companion, Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this; for we were by no means in the habit of correspondence.

I had seen the man, dined with him, indeed, the night before, and I could imagine nothing in our intercourse that should justify the formality of registration. The contents increased my wonder, for this is how the letter ran:—

"10th December, 18—.

"Dear Lanyon,—You are one

orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced, and you are to go in alone, to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking the lock if it be shut; and to draw out, with all its contents as they stand, the fourth drawer from the top, or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom.

"In my extreme distress of mind I have a morbid fear of misdirecting you; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents—some powders, a phial, and a paper book. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands.

"That is the first part of the service; now for the second. You should be back, if you set out at once on the receipt of this, long before midnight; but I will leave you that amount of margin, not only in the fear of one of those obstacles that can neither be prevented nor foreseen, but because an hour when your servants are in bed is to be preferred for what will then remain to do.

"At midnight, then, I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting-room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you will have brought with you from my cabinet. Then you will have played your part and earned my gratitude completely.

"Five minutes afterwards, if you insist upon an explanation, you will have understood that these arrangements are of capital importance, and that by the neglect of one of them, fantastic as they must appear, you might have charged your conscience with my death or the shipwreck of my reason.

"Confident as I am that you will not trifle with this appeal, my heart sinks and my hand trembles at the bare thought of such a possibility.

"Think of me at this hour, in a strange place, labouring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can exaggerate, and yet well aware that if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll away like a story that is told. Serve me, my dear Lanyon, and save

"Your friend,

"H. J.

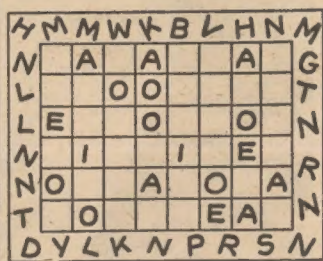
"P.S.—I had already sealed this up when a fresh terror struck upon my soul. It is possible that the post office may fail me and this letter will not come into your hands until tomorrow morning.

"In that case, dear Lanyon, do my errand when it shall be most convenient for you in the course of the day; and once

more expect my messenger at midnight. It may then already be too late, and if that night passes without event you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll."

Upon the reading of this letter I made sure my colleague was insane; but till that was proved beyond the possibility of doubt I felt bound to do as he requested.

The less I understood of this farrago, the less I was in a position to judge of its importance; and an appeal so worded could not be set aside without a grave responsibility. I rose accordingly from table, got into a hansom, and drove straight to Jekyll's house:



On this chart are the names of some well-known Canadian and American towns. For your guidance, all the vowels have been filled in, so all you have to do is to pick any of the letters in the margin and fill in the blank spaces.

(Solution in No. 135)

The butler was awaiting my arrival; he had received by the same post as mine a registered letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith and a carpenter. The tradesmen came while we were yet speaking, and we moved in a body to old Dr. Denman's surgical theatre, from which (as you are doubtless aware) Jekyll's private cabinet is most conveniently entered.

The door was very strong, the lock excellent; the carpenter avowed he would have great trouble and have to do much

Answers to Quiz
in No. 133

1. Contumely, Convolution, Convolutulus.
2. (a) Nathaniel Hawthorne, (b) Baroness Orczy.
3. Beetroot is a root crop; the others are not.
4. A mixture of whisky and honey, drunk in Scotland.
5. A stream flowing into the Adriatic.
6. Hollands gin.
7. The right-hand page.
8. 8 1/2 in. by 4 1/2 in. by 2 1/2 in.
9. Character in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."
10. Tennyson.

Dr. JEKYLL
& Mr. HYDEBy R. L.
Stevenson

damage if force were to be used; and the locksmith was near despair.

But this last was a handy fellow, and after two hours' work the door stood open. The press marked E was unlocked, and I took out the drawer, had it filled up with straw and tied in a sheet, and returned with it to Cavendish Square.

Here I proceeded to examine its contents. The powders were neatly enough made up, but not with the nicety of the dispensing chemist, so that it was plain they were of Jekyll's private manufacture; and when I opened one of the wrappers I found what seemed to me a simple crystalline salt of a white colour.

The phial, to which I next turned my attention, might have been about half-full of a blood-red liquor, which was highly pungent to the sense of smell, and seemed to me to contain phosphorus and some volatile ether.

At the other ingredients I could make no guess. The book was an ordinary version book, and contained little but a series of dates. These covered a period of many years; but I observed that the entries ceased nearly a year ago, and quite abruptly.

Here and there a brief remark was appended to a date, usually no more than a single word; "double" occurring perhaps six times in a total of several hundred entries; and once, very early in the list, and followed by several marks of exclamation, "total failure!!"

All this, though it whetted my curiosity, told me little that was definite. Here were a phial of

WANGLING WORDS—96

1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after LLOMOR, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of WHAT RED SOW, to make a West Country resort.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LORD into LADY, MINOR into MAJOR, OIL into CAN, WARD into ROBE.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ABUNDANCE?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 95

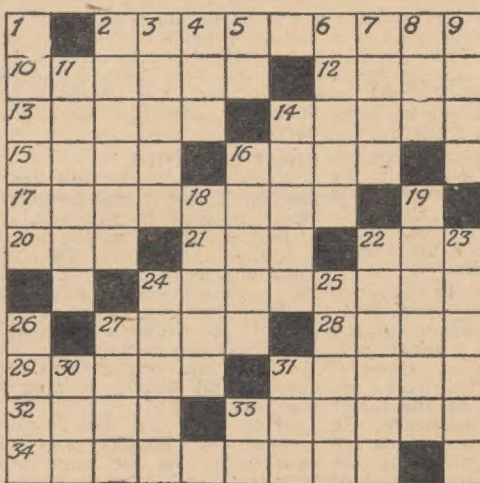
1. SHREWSHIRE.
2. BRAINTREE.
3. PINE, DINE, DIRE, DIRT, DINT, DENT, BENT, BEAT, BEET, FEET, FRET, FREE, TREE.
4. LIVE, LINE, LANE, PANE, PALE, PALL, PAUL, RAIL, BALL, BALE, GALE, GAME, BABY, BABE, BARE, BARD, BIRD, GIRL, GIRL.
4. Four, Fond, Fore, Nude, Dune, Fowl, Wore, Lore, Rend, Fend, Ford, Foul, Rule, Lure, Loud, Dole, Lode, Fern, Down, Lord, Lone, etc.
- Under, Drown, Would, Round, Lured, Found, Wound, World, Frond, Flown, etc.

some tincture, a paper of some salt, and the record of a series of experiments that had led (like too many of Jekyll's investigations) to no end of practical usefulness.

The more I reflected, the more convinced I grew that I was dealing with a case of cerebral disease, and though I dismissed my servants to bed, I loaded an old revolver, that I might be found in some posture of self-defence.

(To be continued)

CROSSWORD CORNER

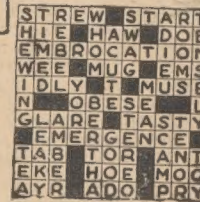


CLUES ACROSS.

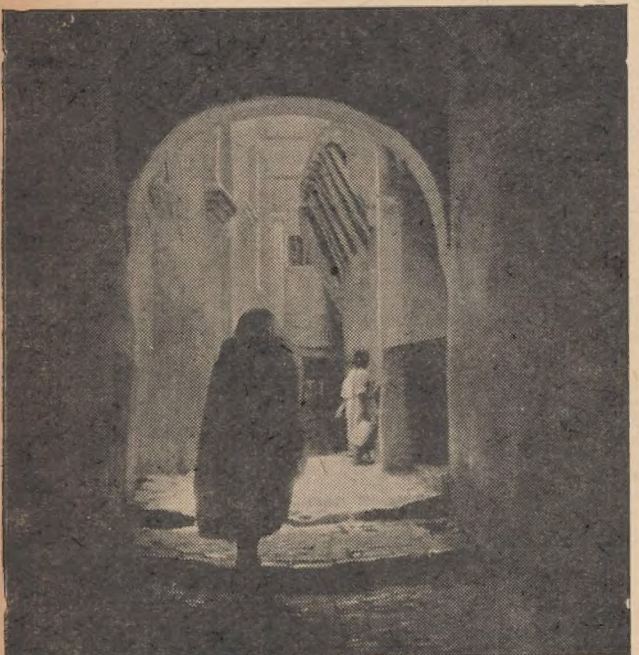
- 2 Elephant's trunk.
- 10 Lively and genial.
- 12 Unwieldy vessel.
- 13 Out.
- 14 Sign of status.
- 15 Irish.
- 16 Windmill blade.
- 17 Quaint humour.
- 20 Age.
- 21 Former.
- 22 Weep bitterly.
- 24 Well-bred.
- 27 Very silly.
- 28 Leave out.
- 29 Poems.
- 31 Dot.
- 32 Small bird.
- 33 Contrive.
- 34 Wiltshire resort.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Consent.
- 2 Individual.
- 3 Make merry.
- 4 Mineral.
- 5 Close to.
- 6 Glowing.
- 7 Clever.
- 8 Badly.
- 9 Bee-hive.
- 11 Clod-breaker.
- 14 Behind-hand.
- 15 South African grass land.
- 18 Hangs around.
- 19 Not serious.
- 22 Ape.
- 23 Improve.
- 24 Is short of.
- 25 Silly person.
- 26 Aid.
- 27 Calamitous.
- 30 Equal footing.
- 31 Ready for use.
- 33 Parent.



ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman

IN UNKNOWN ALGIERS.

The Kasbah is the old Moorish citadel, the native quarter of Algiers, which rises to 400 feet above sea-level, and is the background to the modern city. To get to the Kasbah you have to walk up narrow lanes like this towards the 16th century dwellings of the ancient Moors. At places it is like going through an underground tunnel, and there are families in the Kasbah who have never been outside the district and have never seen the waterfront.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in DRIPPING, but not in "MARGE."
My next's in INVASION, though not in BARGE.
My third is in NEUTRAL, so not in SWISS.
My fourth is in COMFORT, yet not in BLISS.
My fifth is in FRIEND, but not in BUDDY.
My sixth is in CLOUDY as well as MUDDY.
My seventh's in STORMY, not in CALM.
My eighth's not in MASCOT, but in CHARM.

(Answer on Page 3)

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me—and no other can.
William Cowper.

of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side, any break in our affection. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, 'Jekyll, my life, my honour, my reason, depend upon you,' I would not have sacrificed my fortune or my left hand to help you.

"Lanyon, my life, my honour, my reason, are all at your mercy; if you fail me to-night I am lost. You might suppose, after this preface, that I am going to ask you for something dishonourable to grant. Judge for yourself.

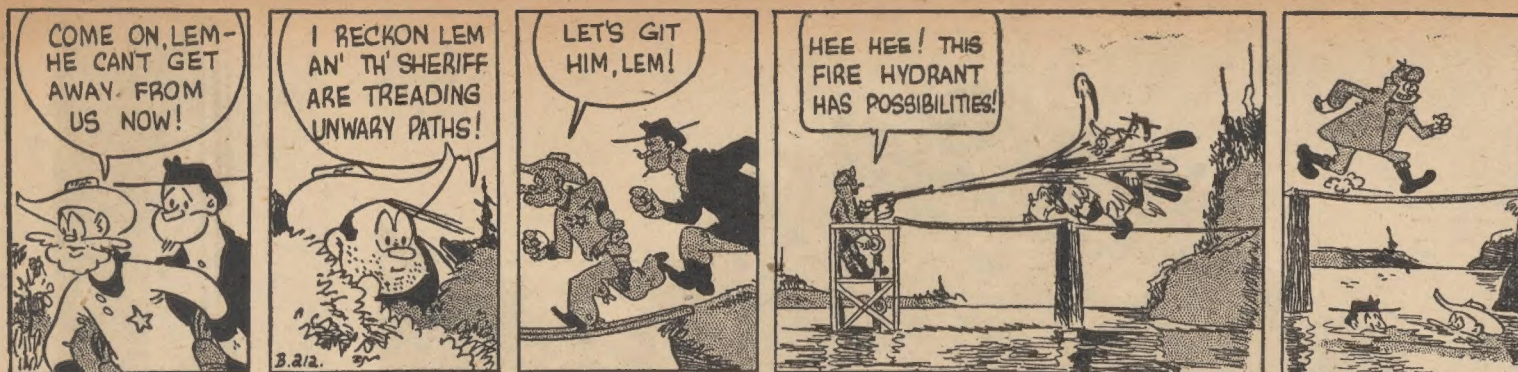
"I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night—aye, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and, with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house.

"Poole, my butler, has his

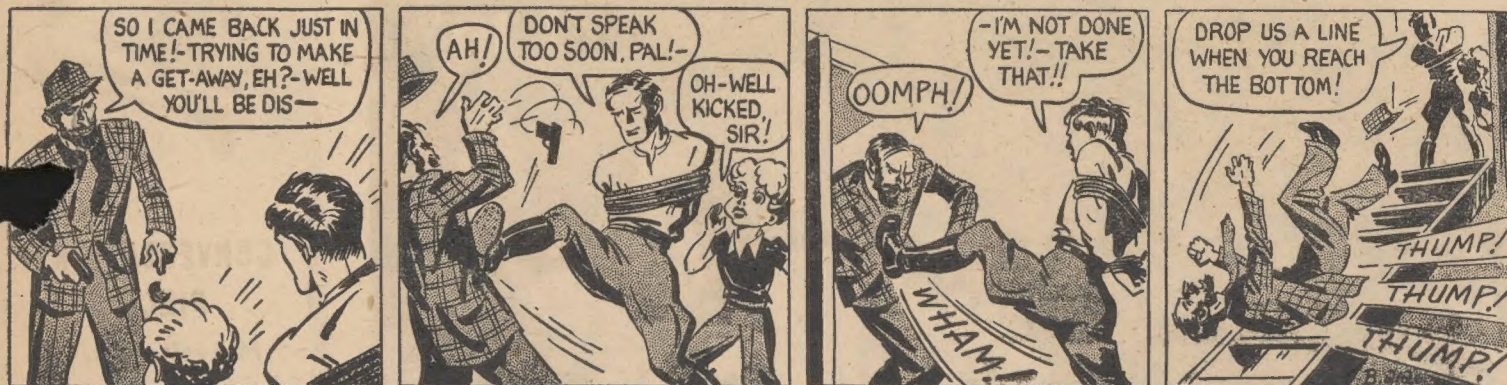
JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



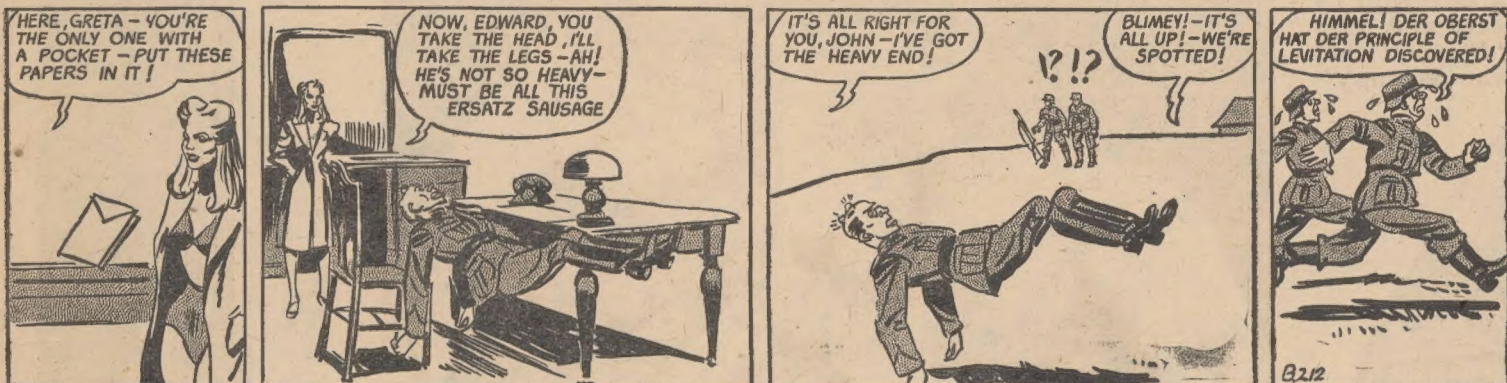
BELINDA



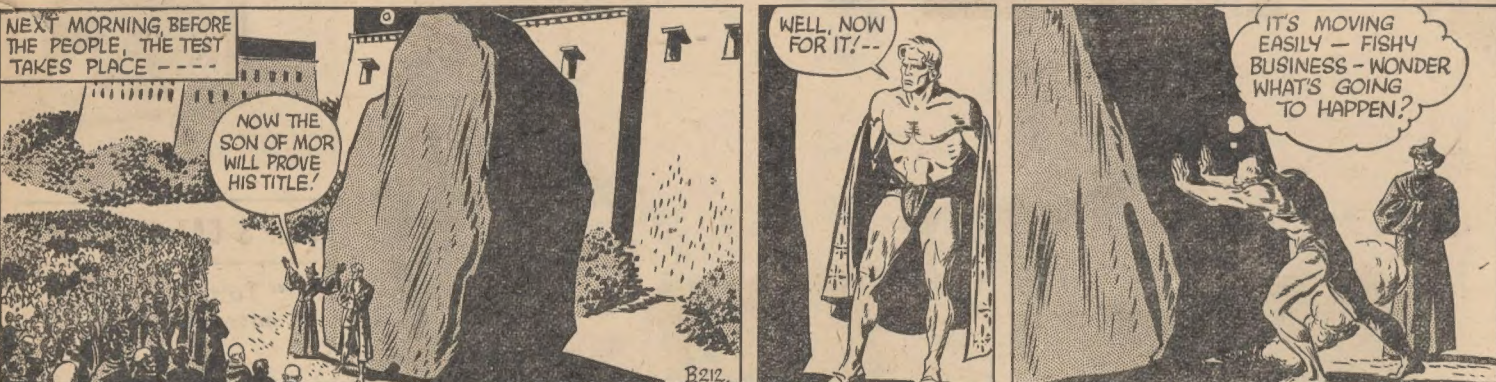
POPEYE



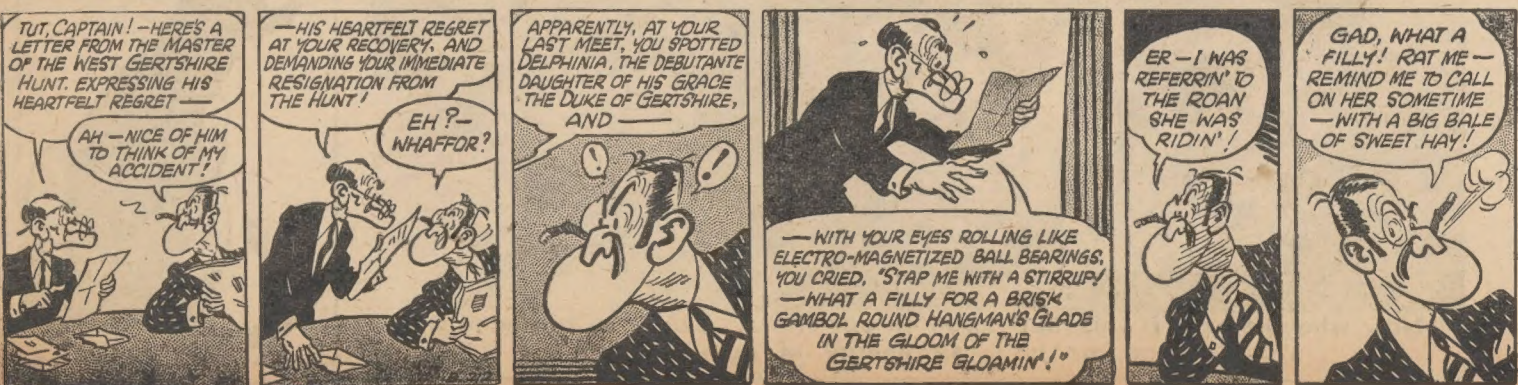
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



England's Lieutenant

By The Old Tough

ONE of the greatest wicket-keepers England ever produced was A. A. Lilley, the old Warwickshire stumper.

For many years "Dick" (as he was known to his friends and intimates) represented England in her Test matches, for besides being a great stumper he was a more than useful batsman, and in county matches he sometimes doffed gloves and pads and took on a spell of bowling, and generally met with success.

BEHIND THE WICKET.

Above all, he was a magnificent judge of the game, and from his vantage post behind the wickets he used to estimate to a nicety how the batsmen were shaping and whether the bowlers were doing well or not.

So keen was his judgment that he earned the title of "England's lieutenant"—the English captains nearly always consulting him before any drastic changes were made.

For instance, the captain would say to him, "Dick, I think we'll have a double change of bowling; the batsmen are getting set," and Lilley would reply, "Take off A., skipper, but give B. another couple of overs; he had the batsman guessing a bit in that last over of his."

The captain nearly always obtained a good result from taking Lilley's advice.

Again, Lilley might say to the captain, "What about taking B. off? He's bowling a good length, but both the batsmen are playing every ball in the middle of the bat and are just 'nursing' him."

CONFERENCE BEFORE "ZERO."

Very often, on the eve of a Test match, the English captain and his lieutenant would dine together alone, and discuss in detail the strength and weakness of their opponents, and plan various surprises and traps to encompass the downfall of the enemy.

On one occasion I was invited to their table, and I was amazed at the thoroughness with which they threshed out every contingency that might occur.

Indeed, they "explored every avenue" with the persistency and perfection of detail that Alexander and Montgomery must have used before the Tunisian campaign.

Perhaps to Lilley's keenness of vision was due the fact that he was a crack clay pigeon shot and won many pools and trophies, both in England and on the Continent.

Argue this out for yourselves

POLITICS A HOBBY?

THE fact that only a small percentage of Service men display any persistent political interest may be disturbing, but a change of garments does not necessarily indicate profound social awakening. The man who now wears His Majesty's uniform yesterday considered politics as the hobby of specialists, hot-heads or cranks, or else as mental chewing-gum handed to him in his daily paper.

Reginald Sorensen, M.P.

CHANGED OCCUPATIONS.

POPULAR interest in post-war conditions in Great Britain seems to be concentrated on the problem of how to prevent a recurrence of mass unemployment. This problem is assuredly a very important one. But it should not be allowed to divert attention from other, and in a sense more fundamental, issues... the general pattern of our post-war structure—the proportions in which our employed resources, irrespective of how large these are in the aggregate, are devoted to various occupations. When the war ends, these resources... will necessarily have to be allocated in ways quite other than are appropriate now.

Professor A. C. Pigou.

PUBS.

MAN is a gregarious animal and wants a place where he can mix with his fellows. Up to now, most Englishmen have preferred to do so over a pint of beer and social intercourse in the public-house. No place is more freely patronised or has changed less during the centuries... Public-houses are still by far the most numerous places of adult social intercourse.

R. L. Reiss.

Solution to Allied Ports
PORTRUSH

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

This England

The village of Milton Abbas, in Dorset, famed for its chestnut trees and delightful cottages, many of which were built in 1876.



LEND ME YOUR EAR

"Now's my chance to find out why Daddy bites Mummy's ear, and says 'I could eat you darling'."

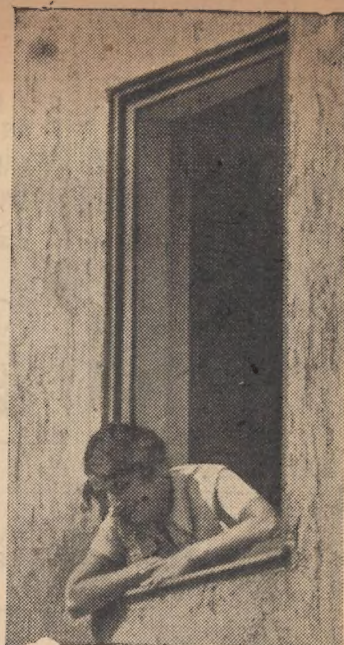


DID YOU CALL SIR?

How COULD you be annoyed if Columbia star, Joan Blondell made you wait for your order, and then gave you that provocative smile. Joan's eyes seem to grow bigger and bigger, don't they?



"Now who the heck is this, butting in on our siesta. Can it be someone with food, or is it an enemy of ours?"



CONVERSATION PIECE

"Marvellous time, thanks. He arrived last night, brimful of beans."

"Good for you. Make the most of it. My turn will be coming soon."



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"To think I was once like that."

